

NEW BOOKS

The Ramblous Book, Wonder tales for children from 7 to 10, told and pictured by Walt McDougall. Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

The children who have been reading Walt McDougall's funny stories in the Sunday Herald, scrambling over one another's heads to get the children's page, will need no introduction to the "Ramblous." But for the benefit of the benighted older children the description of this delightful being is here given from the opening pages of this new book.

"The Ramblous is a creature who devotes his entire life to tramping around the woods in search of good children, who mind their parents, to be early, never cry or call each other names and are kind to dumb animals and artists. He has a sweetly open countenance and a merry twinkle in his eyes and is the source of more delights than any other animal of which I know. He is something like a hippopotamus in shape, but has a hide ornamented with a basket work pattern. He is hollow inside and simply loaded with good things, his ears varying with the season, of course." Then follows an enumeration of the good things the Ramblous carries about with him. Johnnie, to whom the Ramblous is thus described, starts off immediately in search of him.

Moses Lubinsky is another lad who finds the Ramblous. He is rescued from a life of poverty and suffering in a most remarkable way and spends seven years with this wonderful creature, returning to Fourth street to take charge of a toy store.

The volume is full of funny stories, some of the high rank among the nonsense books of the season.

"James Whitcomb Riley in Prose and Picture." By John A. Howard. Published by Handy & Higgins, Chicago.

Frank L. Stanton's welcome to Riley upon the occasion of the poet's visit to Atlanta, opens this little volume. The loving sympathy of Mr. Stanton's lines is characteristic of all the book.

"Jim Riley—he's a-cummin' to Atlanta, so they say. An' we hear our hearts a-hummin' as they meet him on the way. For who ain't heard o' Riley—Jim Riley o' the west. An' loved his song until they long to tell him 'He's the best.'"

Mr. Howland has written of his friend a eulogy rather than a biography. There is no attempt at analysis of his work or characterization of his genius. The main facts in his life are set forth. "His birth in 1852 at Greenfield, Ind., of an erratic father and an invalid mother is chronicled. We are told some amusing stories of his boyhood, when he was called the 'Old Swamin' Hole,' and went fishing, and to school occasionally. The early ambitions of the poet are of interest. His father intended James Whitcomb to study law in his office, but the lad had other ideas as to his future. He meant to be a baker; not that he might sell 'those delicious cakes—those toothsome bon bons. Sell them? No, indeed. Eat them; eat them by the trayload and dryload.'"

Many people beside Riley can recall such youthful aspirations. The next profession to attract Riley was that of a drummer in a military band or, perhaps, he would be a clown or a bare-back rider, and later on he concluded to be a printer. Mr. Howland tells of the partial realization of some of these dreams in the chapter headed

"I'd rather work when I wanted to than be bossed round by a man. I recall that to attract Riley was that of a drummer in a military band or, perhaps, he would be a clown or a bare-back rider, and later on he concluded to be a printer. Mr. Howland tells of the partial realization of some of these dreams in the chapter headed

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notoriety connected with the discovery of the facts in the case led to Riley's going to Indianapolis to work upon the Journal there.

"The Old Swamin' Hole and 'Laven More Peas' was published soon after, and Riley's fame was assured. An interesting chapter, headed, 'Writ From the Hart Out,' gives some idea of his method and purpose in poetry. The book is a series of reflections and reminiscences that will delight the countless people whom the 'Hoosier Poet' has touched and cheered."

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ating interest. The narrative begins in the days just preceding the revolution, when the Indians, encouraged by the British, were harassing the frontier. Daniel Boone had gone to "Kain-tucy-ee," that "happy hunting ground" of the red man, and settlers were following in his wake. The career of George Rogers Clark is given in detail—the establishment of the fort at the falls of the Ohio, the site of the city of Louisville; the heroic marches into Indiana, Ohio, Illinois; the surrender of Vincennes; the defense of St. Louis—all this, and far more of exciting interest, is narrated. The love story of the general is also outlined, and his premature old age graphically sketched.

The second book describes the real Lewis and Clark expedition planned and sent out by Jefferson. This Clark is not the Indian fighter—the founder of Kentucky, George Rogers Clark, but his

Animal Fable Stories, written by Edith Guerrier, and illustrated with forty-two drawings by Edith Brown. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The "Travels of Wanderfoot" himself, a dear little sleek-coated squirrel, make perhaps the most fascinating of the tales in Miss Guerrier's book. The moral of Wanderfoot's journeying is contained in the text at the beginning. "Learn what you can at home before traveling in search of new things."

The story of the Mouse-Butterfly is sure to charm the children. It describes the evolving of a poor, ugly bat from a wee mouse who longed to be a "beautiful butterfly," moving in the wind and sunshine.

In another fable we are told "why the kangaroo was made." Still another tells of the imaginary woes of the "Discontented Prairie Dog." There are texts or morals in all these stories, but so sugar-coated with delicate fancy and delightful adventure, the youngsters will never detect the pill and will only clamor for "more."

The black and white drawings by Edith Brown admirably illustrate the text and are a joy to themselves.

"Mother Goose Jungle Book." The various characters imperceptibly by animals. Drawn by Hugo von Hofsten. Published by the Madison Book company, Chicago.

On the bright covers of this new "Mother Goose" book the dear old lady herself sits with her funny peaked cap, her ruff and her broom. But instead of a group of eager-eyed youngsters listening to her tales, she has for audience a company of the children of many generations have delighted in, but they are illustrated, not by pictures of the wild animals. It is a little startling to find a greedy-looking brown bear in the role of Jack Horner manipulating the famous pie, and a grinning hippopotamus acting old King Cole, but one enters into the spirit of it. Mr. von Hofsten the illustrator, and enjoys the fun with him.

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WRONG MR. WRIGHT

(Chicago Tribune.) George B. Wright is a prominent "buyer" out at the stock yards.

George B. Wright is a broker on the board of trade.

Until a few weeks ago the two Messrs. Wright were each ignorant of the existence of the other.

The family of George B. Wright of the stockyards consists of himself and his wife.

Besides himself and his better half, George B. Wright of the wheat pit counts in his family circle a pretty daughter aged 12.

George B. Wright, who buys cattle took his family to Seabright, N. J., to listen to the sad sea waves and enjoy the sea bathing. He went to spend six weeks and many more dollars in evading the Jersey mosquitoes by diving into the rolling billows which beat unceasingly on the Jersey coast.

George B. Wright, who occasionally looks into the future of the corn crop, accompanied his wife and daughter to Colorado Springs, where, as the railroad advertisements say, they might revel in the unrivaled wonders of nature in its most titanic moods.

Their natural inclinations in the matter of vacation journeyings took them thus more than half a continent apart.

This is to tell how one saw-eyed, loped burro brought them together and made them acquainted with each other, in spite of all that fate and transcendental trains could do to the contrary.

Journey, then, with the right Mr. Wright to Colorado Springs, leaving the wrong Mr. Wright reclining, all unconscious of destiny, on the warm sands of the Seabright bathing beach.

To the small Miss Wright, aged 12, there was small pleasure in climbing the steep slopes of the mountains about Colorado Springs. Much better she liked to be lifted on to the patient back of a small brown burro and go riding round and round the smooth paths of the hotel grounds.

So the right Wrights came back to their home in Chicago and little Miss Wright dried her tears and, with the inconsistency of youth, forgot her burrowing juvenile sorrow.

Then fate, in the guise of certain friends of Miss Wright's father, began to move. These friends lived at Colorado Springs, and they had seen and noticed how much pleasure the little girl took in riding the burro.

"Faith," they said, "we'll buy the little beast and send it on to her with our compliments, so she may ride burrobuck through the parks of Chicago and enjoy herself. Also, doubtless, our thoughtfulness may please her father, who is our friend."

When a real western man has a friend that friend has only to admire one of his possessions to possess it himself.

The burro was bought, boxed up in an open work crate and sent on its way, with arrangements made that it should be fed, watered and cared for on the journey.

"George B. Wright, Chicago, Ill.," was the inscription on the lid of the crate.

"Everybody on the board of trade knows Wright," said one of the conspirators, "and 'George B.' will make a mistake impossible."

Also it was decided that no letter of advice should accompany the gift.

"It'll surprise them at first," they agreed, "but sooner or later he'll guess whom it came from. It will be fun to wait and see what he has to say."

Since a burro is commercially and otherwise classed under the head of live stock, the crate containing the small donkey from Colorado Springs naturally drifted towards the stock yards. In that quarter of the city the George B. Wright who buys cattle is well known.

"Somebody is playing a joke on George," said the men who handled the burro. "We'll just send it over to his office."

The clerks at the wrong Mr. Wright's office knew nothing about any expected shipment of a burro, but the address was certainly correct. There was no chance of a mistake about that. They received the animal from Colorado hospitably and tied him in one corner of the office, meanwhile wiring Mr. Wright at Seabright, N. J., for further instructions.

But burro in lively stable until my return," came the answer, and the little beast was taken to one of the big stables inside the yards, where he became a star boarder at \$20 a month.

Meanwhile the friends out in Colorado Springs, who had sent the burro to the right Mr. Wright began to wonder why they received no word of its safe arrival. In a couple of weeks they went to the railroad people and made inquiries. They were shown the properly signed receipt for the beast.

Two weeks more went by. The friends at Colorado Springs became anxious, how much pleasure the little girl took in riding the burro.

liked the burro they had sent him. Wright, scenting a practical joke, wrote back that he hadn't seen a burro since he left Colorado and desired further information on the subject. Further correspondence ensued, and all this time the board for the innocent burro at the lively stable was piling up at the rate of \$20 a month. It takes several days to write to Colorado Springs and get a letter back, and half a dozen letters passed before the matter was finally made clear to the right Mr. Wright.

In the meantime the wrong Mr. Wright got back from his vacation on the Jersey coast. The first morning he went to his office he was reminded by a clerk of the existence of the burro.

"It was shipped to your address from Colorado Springs, Colo.," said the clerk. "There was no letter of advice with it."

"I don't know a soul out there," he said, "and can't understand why anybody should be shipping me a donkey. Just send over to the stable and let's have a look at the beast."

The burro came. With the burro came a bill. The items on the bill were two—four board and care of one burro, one month and ten days, at \$20 a month, \$27; for exercising said burro three times a week, at 50 cents, \$5.50; total, \$32.50.

"Great Scott!" said George B. Wright. "That would buy a carload of burros. It's a good thing I didn't stay east any longer. Now, the question is, what am I to do with the varmint?"

Just then the telephone bell rang. A clerk answered it, and presently called Mr. Wright to the phone.

"Hello!" said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Is this Mr. Wright?"

"Yes." "George B. Wright?" "Yes. Who is this?" "George B. Wright. Have you, by any chance, got a burro that belongs to me?"

"I've got somebody's burro out here, with a bill for \$32.50 attached."

An engagement was made for downtowned the next morning, and George B. Wright met and discussed the adventures of the burro. Now everything is settled except the bill for the animal's keep. That is likely to be the subject of a more or less amusing debate among the two Messrs. Wright, the railroad company which delivered the package to the wrong address, and the gentleman in Colorado, whose failure to put the street number on the donkey's crate threw everything into a tangle.

Scene From "The Conquest."

The illustrations include pictures of "The Swamin' Hole," some of Riley's boyhood friends, the homes in which he lived in Greenfield and the streets of the village. The marginal decorations are suitable and artistic.

"The Maxims of Theodore Roosevelt." Published by the Madison Book company, Chicago.

A convenient book, pocket size, containing all of the significant phrases from the president's public writings and utterances, as well as a number which are of no importance. The volume is uniform with the maxims of Cleveland, Jefferson, Washington and other presidents.

younger brother, William. The adventures and escapes and discoveries of this great expedition into the northwest are recounted.

The third book has for its caption "The Red Head Chief," which was the name given by the Indians to Clark when he became the American general in command in St. Louis—his friend and co-worker, Merriweather Lewis, being the governor.

In the course of the story many familiar figures are seen—the pioneers and Indian fighters, Boone and Panton; the great men of the revolution, Washington, Jefferson, La Fayette, Patrick Henry; and in the last chapter at all we have a glimpse of the young man, Abraham Lincoln.

"The Conquest" is a timely and interesting account of a stirring period in American history. It is to be regretted that the style of the narrative is rather fragmentary.

"Wanderfolk in Wonderland, a Book of

Mistuh Racehoss, your doin's is a sin. You're sure to finish second when I picks you out to wrestle in the form of a gally bedecked and much startled haboon. Curly Locks is a very woolly lamb, who listens pensive to the wooing of a hungry-looking tiger. A little boy elephant in blue striped trousers is under the haystack fast asleep. Bobby Shattop goes to sea in the person of a jolly green bull frog sailing on a wave of water in a new and humorous guise. It deserves and will doubtless find a warm welcome from the children.

Just as We Happen to Feel. (Detroit Free Press.) I reckon it's just as we happen to feel. De day dat Reuben Scott traded me wile me, an' his critter died while I was headin' it home. I dun, set down an' declared dat de world had got so wicked I didn't want to lib in it nooder day. De next week, arter I had traded a shotgun for a watch wid de same man, and had got de big can of de bargain, I told so de world dat de world was so good dat I wanted to lib fur 500 y'ars longer.

Left Over From Last Year. (Chicago News.) Larry-Bedard, Rafferty won that turkey in the raffle down at Mahool's! That's what Ol' call luck. Denny-Yis, tough luck.

4 More Shopping Days Before Christmas

Don't delay. Buy now while stocks are still complete. Avoid the rush and crush of the last day. The morning is the best trading time



\$75.00 to \$15.00
Quartered golden oak china cases. We have the largest and most select line.

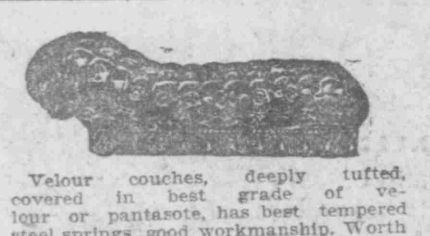
Sensible Gifts For Ladies

Writing Desk, \$7.50 to \$20.00
Tea Tables, \$2.50 to \$5.00
Work Tables, \$2.50 to \$5.00
Davenport, Sofa, \$25 to \$50.00
Parlor Cabinet, \$10 to \$50.00
Parlor Set, \$10 to \$50.00



Rocking chairs, highly polished golden oak, handsomely shaped saddle seats, spindle back, with neatly carved top. Spindles under arms, very substantially made and strongly braced—

\$2.85 250 Different Kinds



Velour couches, deeply tufted, covered in best grade of leather or pantalone, has been tempered steel springs, good workmanship. Worth \$35. SALE PRICE—

\$18.75

Practical Gifts For Gentlemen

Chiffonier Wardrobes, \$21 to \$50.00
Leather Couches, \$25 to \$50.00
Desks, \$10.50 to \$25.00
Leather Chairs, \$9 to \$25.00
Easy Chairs, \$5 to \$25.00



500 PAIRS HAND DECORATED
Cups and Saucers
For the balance of this week—

8c

300 HAND DECORATED FRENCH CHINA

Dinner Plates
For the balance of this week—

12 1/2c

Special Sale of
Fancy Rockers and
Easy Chairs

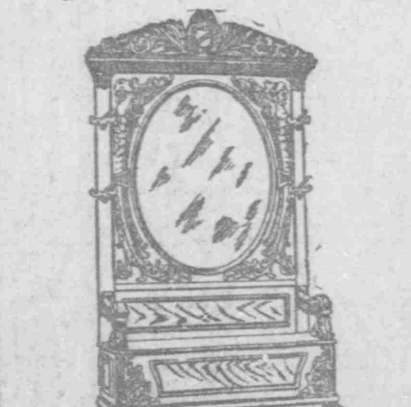


We have at present the largest stock of designs of handsome rockers, divans, easy chairs, etc., which we will show our many callers the coming week, prices range from—

\$2.35 to \$9.75

Special Sale of
Hall Racks

Last week we saw an opportunity to secure the entire made-up stock of Hall Racks from one of the best manufacturers at Grand Rapids at 60 cents on the dollar. We couldn't resist the temptation! The goods are here and will go on sale, together with our own large line, at lower prices than you ever thought possible. The prices are named below—but nothing but a personal inspection can give you any idea of the astounding values this opportunity offers you.



\$12.00 Hall Racks—
cut to \$7.00
\$15.00 Hall Racks—
cut to \$9.75
\$20.00 Hall Racks—
cut to \$12.50
\$30.00 Hall Racks—
cut to \$16.75

Our Stock

is overflowing with other useful articles too numerous to mention. Don't delay. We will deliver goods when wanted.



For the Little Ones

We have an attractive line of Toy Furniture, Hobby Horses, Doll Carriages, Go-Carts, etc.
We have 22 different styles of High Chairs, 30 different styles of Rocking Chairs, and prices that will move them quickly.



P.W. MADSEN'S FURNITURE & CARPET STORE 51 to 57 East First South St.